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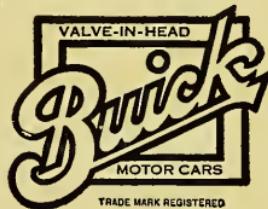
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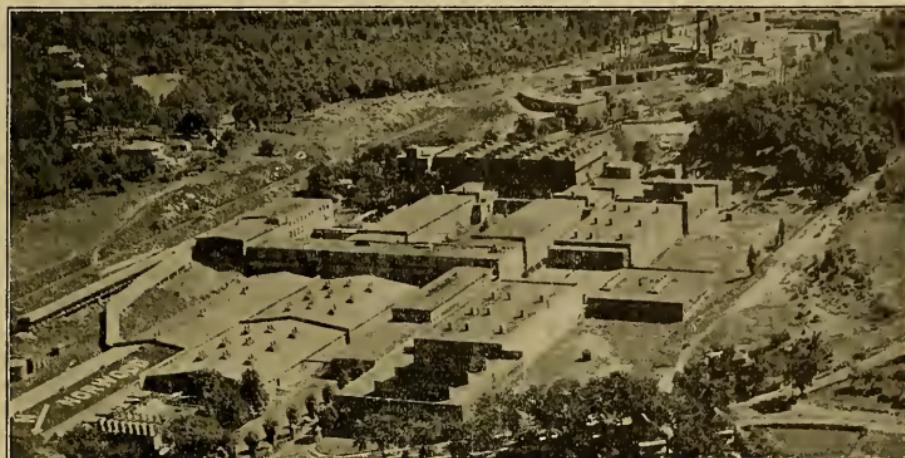
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# The Arguenot

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### Forward

If one has been observant during the past week, one will have detected a decided change in the students about the school. The study halls have at last assumed an air of what they were intended for, and one finds nearly every student bent diligently over his books, using the fifty minutes, not as a time for recreation, but as a time for studying.

This astounding change in the student-body is due to nothing more than the fact that the first two terms are over. Students who have drifted through these terms not caring much about their marks, have suddenly

awakened to the fact that unless they make good the third term, their chances of passing will be slim.

The Seniors seem to have been affected most by this new discovery. Each Senior, no matter how much he has enjoyed his high school days, certainly does not wish to prolong them by failing to graduate with his class. Hence this sudden enthusiasm for book-lore.

We certainly hope that this revival of interest in studies will continue for the rest of the year. If it does, we will need to have no fear for the scholastic record of the school.

Editor

### Paste

The society news of June, centered about the details of the wedding of Miss Elyse Van Altmoor and John E. Carver. Miss Altmoor had studied for a career as an artist but had given it up when her engagement was announced; while young Carver was winning recognition for himself as junior member of the law firm of Carver, Greystoke, and Carver. Although both young people were prominently known

on Long Island, the whole attraction of their wedding was the reappearance of the famous Van Altmoor diamonds from the bank vault in which they had been since the death of Mrs. E. Van Altmoor, Sr., Elyse's mother. The diamonds had been presented to the bride by her father after the ceremony, just before they left for a honeymoon trip to the Orient.

\* \* \* \* \*

At exactly seven-thirty the telephone in the Carver home rang. Jennie, the new maid, slipped into the hall to answer it.

"Is this the Carver home?" came a voice.

"Yes, but Mr. and Mrs. Carver are not at home. This is the maid."

"Ah! Is that you Jennie?"

"Uh-huh, it's me. Everythin's okay, Pete, the paste set came t'day and ya can't tell 'em from the real stuff. I helped her when she tried 'em on an' compared 'em. She's wearin' 'em as per schedule to the Country Club t'night and the real ice is in the libr'y safe."

"Anyone else home?"

"Nawl I talked 'em all into gettin' the night off. The coast is clear, jus' skip over and get ta work. I'll be all packed an' waitin' for ya. Get a move on, Big Boy."

"Okay, Kid, be right with ya."

Jennie had just finished packing her belongings and was rummaging thru her mistress' room when a car passed the house, tooted the horn and stopped at the rear entrance.

Jennie ran to the back door and a moment later opened it to admit a tall, well-dressed young man, with a small, carefully cultivated mustache and hair plastered back slickly. He carried a small satchel and would have passed muster anywhere as an enterprising young salesman. He stood for a moment in the door looking her over in frank admiration then stepping forward suddenly, he grabbed her and kissed her.

"Well, how are you, Jen, ol' kid, you're certainly looking great."

"Cut the sentiment, Pete," said the

girl although she did not seem very perturbed over his attentions. "We got work to do."

She led the way into the library, went straight to the fireplace and pushed a small button under the mantle. A section of the panelled wall slid back revealing the door of a small vault.

"H'm," said Pete as he examined it, "a little tougher than I expected—but we'll crack it—we'll crack it!"

He went swiftly to work after arranging his tools, and Jennie with the aid of an experienced assistant set about dimming the lights, pulling draperies and gathering a pile of rugs and blankets. She stopped in the kitchen for a cup of coffee and Pete joined her hurriedly.

"It's all set and packed. She'll 'blow' in about ten seconds," he said; and he had scarcely stopped talking when there came a dull muffled boom from the library. They went quickly back.

"Kinda dangerous," said Jennie.

"Had to risk it. I couldn't pick or force the blamed thing."

They surveyed the library. The pile of rugs which had been used to muffle the explosion lay in the centre of the floor and the door of the vault hung by one shattered hinge. Jennie reached in and drew out a large case of tooled leather.

"Here they are. Let's scram. That noise might have attracted attention."

"How about the silverware?"

"Chickenfeed, besides we ain't got time."

"Okay."

Pete picked up the packed bags and his tools and Jennie took charge of the

leather case. They hopped into Pete's roadster and were soon speeding to the city.

In the center of the business district they stopped before a large jewelry store whose brilliant electric signs proclaimed it did every kind of jewelry business. Pete noticed this and grinned as they entered and asked to see the manager privately.

They were ushered into an office upstairs and from there to a smaller private office in the rear. Seated behind a low table in the room a small shriveled old man peered at them over horn rimmed spectacles. He wore a small, round skull cap and a perpetual leering grin. Grouped around him were magnifying glasses, balances, and a jewel chart. Jennie suspected that much of this background was arranged for effect but she had to admit that it just suited this personage known to the underworld as Ol' Sol, most notorious "fence" in the city.

"Vell, childrun, an' what kin I do for you?" asked the jeweler, for as such he preferred to be known.

"Hello, uncle," said Pete, "we need some dough an' I wanna sell this necklace an' stuff o' my wife's," indicating the girl. "It's too val'able to hock an' I thought you might be able to use it."

"Let me see it."

Reserved as he tried to appear, Ol' Sol could not suppress a slight start at first sight of the set.

"I see ya've heard about my diamonds," said Jennie. "Well, that'll save time."

"How much?" came from Pete.

"Wait, wait," answered the fence, all accent gone from his voice, "I'll have to appraise these."

"Appraise my eye! You know they're worth a cool two million. How much will you give?" Pete's hand slipped suggestively to his pocket.

Ol' Sol calmly went on with his task carefully scrutinizing the various stones, weighing them and checking in the book. He worked leisurely as if sure of his results. At length he said, "A certain set of matched diamonds known as the Van Altmoor diamonds are probably worth two millions in the open market; but—"

"Shut up," growled Pete. "How much'll ya give us for those?"

"You've been a good customer before Pete, and you must need the money; so for these I'll give you—fifty dollars."

"Fifty—cut the comedy, fella. Talk turkey. You admitted the value and you can clear eighty per cent. Give us twenty per cent an' we'll scram."

"Ah! But you interrupted me before. I merely remarked that the Van Altmoor diamonds would sell for at least two millions, but the owners think too much of them to sell them. Why only the other week they came into my shop," waving toward the downstairs store, "and arranged to have an imitation set made for ordinary use. Cost them half a grand." He picked up a piece of the set before him and gazed at it musingly.

"Not a bad imitation, is it?" quoth he, offering it to Jennie.

John Murphy, '32

## Fired! — Hired!

"You're fired!"

"But—"

"No if's, and's, or but's, about it.  
You're fired! Understand? Fired!"

Don Wall picked his hat from the group that was on the rack, and in his anger slammed the door of the City Editor's room as he left the offices of the "Cleveland Ledger."

As he walked out, all eyes were on the man who, a few minutes ago, was police reporter on the "sheet" and who now was only a member of the vast army of unemployed.

He buttoned his coat tighter and pulled his hat down farther over his eyes as he stepped out onto the street on this cold winter day.

He walked along for a while and then entered a dingy little store whose windows proclaimed the fact that tobacco and cigarettes were retailed at low prices.

As he entered this establishment he was about to be stopped by someone whom he apparently did not assume was there; but his presence of mind made him automatically thrust his hand in his pocket and produce a card. A nod of assent by the "look-out" permitted him to enter.

As he entered, he found the place filled with smoke, and men sitting at tables imbibing liquor and listening to radio music. Don walked up to the bar,—a regular old fashioned one with brass rail, rubber hose, towels and all the "trimmin's."

"Coffee royal," he said.

A prompt reply brought to him a glass full of a brownish colored liquid. He handed the tender a bill and

awaited the change.

While standing there at the bar he happened to hear something which made the "reportorial bug" in him squirm uneasily.

"Opens tonight," he heard. What could it be? Who could it be? were the questions he was asking himself. He hadn't heard, at the office, of any place being opened on this night. If anyone ought to know, surely it was Don Wall, ex-police reporter of the "Cleveland Ledger."

"One more," he said as he put the container on the bar. While waiting for the order he heard the word, "Manneri."

Ah! now he had it. Manneri was to open "The Owl" tonight and all of gangdom's "nobles" were to be present. He didn't seem at all disturbed at this "scoop." Why should he? Hadn't he been fired?

But another thought came to his mind as he drank the contents of the second glass as calmly as he had drunk those of the first. If he could get this story, he might be reinstated by "the old man."

Don very nonchalantly picked up his change; deposited it in his pocket and lighted a cigarette. On his way out he tipped his hat to the lookout and as soon as he had rounded the corner he began walking briskly toward a big electric sign with the words "The Owl" flashing in bright colors.

As he neared the place he could see the big limousines drawing up to the curbing and depositing their richly clad passengers on the side-walks to be escorted by very elaborately dressed

men. As he came to the entrance he was greeted—

"Wher're you going?"

"Who? Me?"

"Yes, You! Who d'ya think you are, any way? Sanna Claus?"

Suddenly someone intervened. "He's all right. He doesn't work for that "rag" any more. He got the air today. Let 'im in."

"O. K., chief," replied the man who had stopped Don, as he permitted him to enter.

A dazzling sight greeted his eyes. There, before him, was a regular old-time gambling house with "modern improvements."

Here Don could see a roulette wheel; there a card table; further on a dice table and in every corner, as a matter of fact, was one sort of gambling device or another. To top all this, there was a bar in one section of the hall which rivaled any he had ever seen before.

He walked over and ordered a drink. As he stood there he looked at the multi-sorted brands and bottle designs of liquor. Indeed, here was one place that thrived on police-protection. Here was his "scoop."

He couldn't resist the temptation. He still was a reporter in the blood if not on the payroll. As nonchalantly as he had left the other "speakeasy," he left this "den" after he had satisfied himself as to the contents of the story he was to write.

He walked into a nearby drugstore; changed a bill and entered the telephone booth.—

"Central, 31915," he said.

"Hello, Hello! Give me the city editor."

"Oh! Hello, Chief! This is Don Wall, ex-police reporter of the Cleveland Ledger, quarter of a million guaranteed. How's everything?"

"None o you're business, ya big stiff. What's the idea o calling me up at this time, anyway."

"Wait a minutel Wait a minutel! Don't rush me. I got a hot tip here that'll burn your ears off."

"Well? What is it?"

"I'll tell you the good news on one condition—"

"Well?"

"That I get my job back again, if you accept it?"

"O. K. Shoot!"

"Manneri's opening "The Owl" tonight and it's no lousy dance hall and cabaret; it's a regular combination fast house and booze joint. Get me?"

"What? You don't mean to tell me that guy's opening a place like that right after being elected to the state legislature do you?"

"I mean just what I said. Manneri's opening a booze joint."

"All right! C'mon down and write that story. The forms go to press in ten minutes. I'll hold 'em up and change the front page. But if that's a dud—God pity Mrs. Wall's poor boy."

He dashed out of the drug store and signalled for a taxi—"To the Ledger's office," he said as he entered. When they neared the building he was already on the running board of the cab and as he handed the driver a bill, he leaped to the sidewalk and dashed up to the editorial rooms.

He sat at the first empty desk, not bothering to take off his hat and coat; and in fifteen minutes he had written the story that would "make them keel

over." He rushed it to the composing room and in less than half an hour the newsboys were proclaiming to the world that "Manneri, recently elected to the legislature, had opened a liquor place."

Within an hour after this proclamation, men and women were being piled into patrol wagons and rushed to the police station, mid the shouts and sobs of men and women.

"Come in here," bellowed Nat Taylor, the city editor, as Don walked by his office.

"Yes, sir," he said.

"You're hired."

"But—"

"No if's, and's, or but's, about it. You're hired! Understand? Hired!"

Don Wall took a tighter grasp on his hat and walked over and shook hands with the editor as he thanked him. In his joy he slammed the door of the City Editor's room as he left.

"Hey! Come back here! Now shut that door right."

"O. K. chief," said Don as he shut the door very, very carefully.

Samson Thomas, '32

### Invocation

O Muse, I call upon thy grace  
To vest in me a myriad part  
Of thy great mine of mystic eloquence!  
I hope to reach the Unattainable,—  
Perfection of the written page,—  
And need thy favor to accomplish it.  
On heights afar doth Fame look  
down on me  
And laugh to think that I, a mortal  
pigmy,  
Should strive for heights beyond my  
reach.  
Calliope, bestow upon me such a  
kindly glance  
As 'twill me raise in sight of th' airy  
goal of mine  
And cause to cease that scornful  
laughter!  
O Muse, I seek thy gracious favor.  
Grant it me I beg!

Alice Bentley, '32

### The Triumph of Mammon

It was the product of long, weary hours of toil—this fat, brown bag of gold 'sitting so complacently in the center of the rough, hand hewn table. Dug from the earth by the two men facing each other across the table.

Hate, lust, suspicion, greed flamed in their eyes. The howling of the wind outside the hut, foretelling a storm, was a fitting accompaniment to their thoughts. Night fell and with the night came the storm. Still they sat, each awaiting a hostile move from the other.

With the first, faint glimmer of dawn, a solitary figure of a man left the hut. The wind snatched at the coat, hastily flung over his shoulders and bore it away with a shout of glee. To his distorted mind the elements seemed against him, pulling him back to what he had left in the cabin. The snow clutched at his feet. The wind buffeted him about till he no longer knew in what direction he was going. But he still clung to his precious burden, clasping it to his breast to shield it from the

intense cold. Now he no longer ran in frenzied, stumbling steps, but plodded doggedly on, his only object to reach the little village he knew lay somewhere out in the wide, white waste. Night drew near. His steps became slower and more labored. A small hill loomed before his blood shot eyes. He fell, got up, tottered a few steps, fell again. This time he did not rise. Dawn saw him lying in the snow, hands outstretched toward the village that was visible from the top of the hill he could not climb.

Back in the cabin the lifeless form of his companion lay on the floor. It seemed even in death to wear an expression of triumph. Had it known of the fate that would overtake the other?

Elizabeth Calder, '32

---

### The Song of the Wind

Come, oh come and follow me,  
While I sing right merrily.  
Come and dance and sing with me.

I will lead you o'er the hill,  
Through the valley cold and still,  
By the singing, playful rill.

Come, oh come and follow me,  
I am gay and I am free,  
Come and dance and play with me.  
Louise Callahan, '32

---

### What Difference Does It Make?

Late one afternoon, in the fall of the year, the long drawing-room in the luxurious Cumming's home was filled with the busy hum of conversation. Mrs. Cummings, the hostess, was the center of a group near the door. She was a small woman, pretty and graceful, and she had a certain, vivacious way about her which won for her many

friends and admirers who were willing to overlook the superficiality of her real nature. She was wearing a black lace gown that emphasized the delicate freshness of her blond beauty and she had pinned a corsage of fresh roses at her waist.

"I understand Eloise will make her debut next month. Isn't that right?"

The speaker turned to Mrs. Cummings.

"Yes," she nodded a bit absently.

"She is a very charming young lady," ventured another. Mrs. Cummings smiled faintly and immediately changed the subject of conversation. She disliked the reference to her daughter as "a charming young lady." It reflected too much upon her own fast-waning youth. It added years to her age. She dreaded the time when Eloise must be introduced to society. She had kept the girl in school as long as possible; but, as the fates would have it, Eloise had inherited the brilliant mind of her father and had finished college in record time, graduating at the age of nineteen.

She pushed these disagreeable thoughts from her mind as she watched her guests depart. The last one to leave was a tall, dark man, immaculately dressed.

"Has your husband returned yet?"

"No," she answered.

"Tonight at eight then?" he asked.

"Tonight at eight."

A little after eight o'clock that evening, Mrs. Cummings descended the stairs and met her daughter in the hallway. She was a tall girl and athletically built. She had a plain face, regular features, and honest gray eyes that now stormily regarded her mother.

"Mother, are you going out with that detestable man?"

"Sh! What difference does it make to you?" she whispered.

Five minutes later, Mrs. Cummings left the house on the arm of Mr. Charles de Vance.

Soon another figure was seen leaving the house. Eloise, an active worker on the Unemployment Relief Commit-

tee, was on her way to visit a poor family who needed help, financial and otherwise. She spent a great deal of her time as a social worker, for her father was away most of the time and her mother neither knew nor cared where she was. Yet, the girl adored her mother, social butterfly as she was.

Thus, it would have shocked her, to say the least, to have seen her mother as she started for home that evening, or morning should we say. Excessive drinking had robbed her of her usual, flower-like freshness and had replaced her customary femininity with loud, shrill laughter, and uneven speech. In no better condition was her companion, Mr. Charles de Vance. When she leaned on his arm for support, she found it even more tottering and unsteady than the rest of the world.

"Let me drive," she begged when they finally reached the car. With a terrible grinding of gears, the car shot down the street. Around corners, past lights, and on either side of the road, she drove through the deserted city street at top speed. As she drove, she swayed from side to side in utter recklessness and abandon. Terrified, her companion tried to stop her; but he was still too intoxicated to find the emergency brake.

Just as she turned the corner to a narrow side street, the headlights shone upon a figure directly in front of the car. The car swerved, but it was too late. She felt a slight jarr as the powerful machine raced on. Fear entered her half-stunned mind. She dared not stop. At last, she was able to draw up the car somewhere in the vicinity of her home.

It was morning. A nurse in the

G—hospital smiled kindly at a tense, worried woman in black. "The doctor will be out in a minute or two."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Cummings.

With her, in the waiting room, was Mr. Cummings. Urgent phone calls had brought them both from separate residences to the hospital in the interest of their only child.

"Haven't they found out who the driver of the car was?" asked the nurse.

"It was a hit-and-run driver," answered Mr. Cummings. Mrs. Cummings said nothing, but her face grew visibly paler. Her nervous, twitching fingers were continually fingering her hand-bag.

The door opened and the doctor entered.

"How is she, doctor?" The father's voice was half choked with emotion.

The doctor's heart was full of pity for the grave-faced father and the anxious, sweet-faced mother. "She will never walk again," he said. "Her

limbs are paralyzed from the waist down. She may live; I do not know."

Mrs. Cummings uttered a horrible scream heard throughout the whole hospital. She jumped up and threw herself upon the doctor crying "No! No! It can't be true. It can't have made that much difference!" Then there followed a long, frenzied, half-hysterical crying and wailing. The doctor and Mr. Cummings heard incoherent remarks about "a charming young lady," "what difference does it make," and "that detestable man."

Six months later, Mrs. Cummings might be seen leaving a sanitarium in the country on her husband's sturdy, trustworthy arm. She was a new woman. During the long six months of her confinement in the sanitarium, her mind had struggled through the chaos of the terrible events leading to the disastrous outcome of her selfish life.

One life saved from disaster. But at what a cost! A fine young life sacrificed. What difference does it make?

Helen Barr, '32

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### The Storm

The waves beat madly on the shore;  
The sky is dark and gray;  
A foghorn sounds its dismal wail;  
A storm is on its way.

The rain bursts forth from out the clouds;  
It drenches the golden sand;  
The ocean gives a mighty roar,  
And surges on the land.

And now the storm has ceased its fury,  
The foghorn is heard no more.  
The waves exhausted from their rage,  
Caress the storm-wrecked shore.

Dorothy Acton, '32

## Shoot on, O Hunters Great!

(A play in three scenes)

Scene I. Two spirits conversing together. The spirits are dressed in flowing white robes which completely cover their bodies except for their heads. They look almost human but yet they have an appearance which immediately tells us that they are anything but mortal. At the right centre is the top of a pearly white stairway and in the background is a mass of soft fluffy-white clouds. There is no particular time for this scene because time is not considered by immortals.

First Spirit (speaking in a sad tone. He has been weeping)—Oh dear! I wish I could control my feelings. I'm telling you, brother, that this pace is too fast for me to keep up with. Why, only just now before you arrived, old Gabriel ushered two more of those fools who call themselves "mortals", up the sacred stairs.

Second Spirit (with a yawn)—Two more of them? Why what's been the matter with you lately? Don't you like your job of being Gabriel's census-taker? Why, I only wish I had the chance to be in your sandals. I think it's fun.

First Spirit—Yes, it is fun when the hunting season isn't on down on the old sphere. But, believe me, when they start shipping up those confounded hunters, who have shot each other trying to kill deer, and other animals who actually know more about hunting than they do, why, I don't like it at all. It's some job counting them, and we have so many of them. I'm having a hard time finding a place to put them.

Second Spirit (with a pained expression)—You have all my sympathy, brother. I have always hated spinach but compared to hunters, spinach is ice-cream.

(Curtain and the end of Scene I)

Scene II (a forest glade)—Representatives of the animal kingdom are all present and are listening to King Rabbit, who is about to make a speech. The landscape at right and left rear is decorated with the bodies of dead hunters. As the curtain rises, the animals are cheering King Rabbit.

All—Long live King Rabbit! May he live supreme!

King Rabbit (he bows gracefully and then looks fiercely at his audience as only a rabbit can look)—Ahem! I appreciate all the applause, boys, but honestly there is something of dreadful importance to be discussed tonight. It is of such importance that it may possibly mean the annihilation of the human race if we don't do something about it at once. (He points with a dramatic gesture behind him.) We are not butchers, but it certainly looks that way! Look at all those hunters, who have killed each other during the past week. Why, our front yards are cluttered up with their bodies and it isn't a pleasant sight.

What do you say boys? Shall we be more conservative and hold a "Save a Life" campaign?

All—Yes, let's give the hunters a break!

(Curtain and the end of Scene II)

Scene III (a hunter's cabin)—Men are lounging about a bare overheated

room. Many of them have their feet upon a small red hot wood stove. Guns are being cleaned and the air is thick with tobacco smoke.

First Hunter—Jumpin' Jiminy! but the deer were tame to-day. I've never seen anything like it. A great big buck came up to me to-day, and almost stuck his nose in my gun barrel, begging me to shoot him.

Second Hunter—Why, I didn't even

need to shoot at any rabbits to-day, Four or five of the biggest rabbits you ever saw, came right up and let me wring their necks. I can't understand how animals could be so dumb.

(Five minutes of silence and then a spirit-like voice from the heavens—

Hurrah for the animals! I've got a vacation at last.

(Final curtain and end of scene and play)

Russell Miller, '32

### Satisfaction

I watched the sparkling blue-green sea  
Go lightly on her way;  
I saw the stately canvassed ships  
In playful breezes play.

I sat alone at eventide  
With only one desire—  
To watch the evening sun go down—  
A crimson ball of fire.

Before me stretched a winding beach  
Of lovely golden sand,  
That glittered in the pale sunlight  
Like crystal in my hand.

I sat upon the silent shores,  
While waves lapped at my side—  
A happy soul within my world—  
Forever satisfied.

Frances Pielka, '32

### Melodies

Sweet and lovely melodies,  
Make your dreams fly high;  
Haunting, gripping melodies  
Reaching to the sky.

Soothing, rhythmic melodies  
Floating through the air;  
Gently, swaying melodies  
Take away your care.

Carrie Sandy, '32

### A Country Store

Ansel E. Lee, proprietor and champion checker player of North Sandwich and of the surrounding country, sits on the stone porch of his store intent upon a game of checkers. A little brown and white dog is curled up at his feet, and inside, a lean yellow cat stretches, walks lazily across a stalk of bananas and perches herself on the scales.

Ansel looks up from his game as a housewife from one of the neighboring farms passes him and enters. The game continues; the housewife takes a loaf of bread from the big covered basket on the left and goes over to the littered counter on the right to await Mr. Lee. When the game seems to permit, Ansel slowly gets up and hobbles in as fast

as his rheumatism will allow. Cheese is the article desired, so Mr. Lee takes the big knife, last used for cutting salt pork, wipes it off on a burlap bag, and hobbles off into the back room of the old store in search of cheese. He comes back at last and some bills are settled up.

Before he has time to get back to his checkers, a small boy enters and asks what he has for seven cents. "I have five flavors of sody water," says Ansel, which he proceeds to name. Orange is preferred, the boy drinks it,

slowly and delightedly, and Mr. Lee gets back to his checkers.

Next a group of children enter, waiting patiently as everyone does, and looking longingly through the smoky show-case at the candy. The first little girl buys lemon drops; so does the second. The rest of the children, about to buy the same, are forced to buy something else, because "they's gut to be some for my next customer," says Ansel and he goes back to his game of checkers.

Paul N. Taylor, '33

### A Chapter of My Life

When I was not quite three years old, my mother and father decided to make a trip back to the "Old World." They planned to remain there for one year. Fate was against us—or was it with us? After only a few months of good times—the World War broke out.

With the war came despair, hunger, heart-breaking incidents, terror, and bitterness. There was month after month of "war talk" which was nerve-wrecking.

Once a rumor spread through the town that the enemy was advancing toward us and they planned to bombard the town within forty-eight hours. Some of the men were cool and did not believe this rumor, but most of the people were terror-stricken at the news. Sure enough, two days after the announcement, at about four o'clock, shooting was heard throughout the town. Every man had to go out to fight for his life and also for his family's. I remember that we had to lie flat on the floor and listen to the shots whiz-

zing over our heads and see them breaking dishes, windows, curtains, and in fact, everything in the house. I was fascinated by this excitement and especially by "the big, nice men who wore red or white feathers in their caps and carried queer looking sticks which made a great deal of noise." I would constantly pop up and look out of the window at the confusion below. Mother would pull me down and hold me. This made me very cross and I made a great fuss. Of course I did not realize the danger which we were in and therefore, made it very difficult for my mother. As soon as it became dark, all the women and children were taken to underground cellars where the people stored their potatoes for the winter. We were made to understand that we were to remain there until the fighting ceased. It was two days—and these two days were the longest two days I have ever spent. I was exhausted, but I could not sleep because I missed my bed. I don't remember that we re-

ceived any food but I know we had a mug of water three times a day. I was so hungry I could have eaten the grass. When we came out of the "dungeon," as it seemed to me, I felt like a bird who had escaped from its cage.

Another time, my father was taken prisoner with several other men and kept in an old barn with only a piece of dry bread and a mug of water each day. My mother baked bread and then she and I went at night to take them to father. We took great risks and were "scared out of our wits" several times. Once the guards saw us and shot at us. They asked us many questions but we were good story-tellers, so we escaped. Each night we stopped at a certain place by the fence which surrounded the barn. I squeezed through a hole in the fence and mother handed me the bread. I would, then, quickly make my way to the barn and place the bread in a hole which the men had made and

covered up so that the officers would not discover it. As soon as this was done, I would hurry back to mother and we would start silently for home. I noticed that mother always hugged me when I came back to her and she cried softly. I knew that there was something wrong, but I couldn't understand why father couldn't come home to us instead of staying in that horrid place!

After the war was over, we were anxious to return to America but there were many things which needed to be straightened out before we returned.

After my sister and brother were born, my days began to be full of sunshine and especially when they grew older, we had the jolliest times together.

Six years—and we were back again on American soil, but I shall never forget the interesting adventures I had in the "Old World."

Anne Sundgren, '33

### A Tragedy

Before the times of steam and oil,  
When this our country still a child  
Was striving hard to win her niche  
And be a part of a New World,  
A tragedy, unsung, untold,  
Was acted in the wooded wilds.

A red-man, who with tired step  
Had hunted far and wide in vain,  
Was turning homeward with despair  
Because indeed the red-man's heart  
Was filled with trouble, grief, and hate  
At the invading white-man bold.

Because he was secure in mind  
That only straight before his path  
Were fruitful lands for him to own,  
A white-man made his greedy way  
With gun and knife of tempered edge  
And met alone this Indian brave.

With whisp'ring pines and frightened  
birds  
As only watchers of the clash,  
The two men fought with all their  
might,  
And then because the white-man had  
A gun with which to kill his foe,  
The Indian was a conquered race.

C. Russell Miller, '32

### "I'm Smilin'!"

"Hey you! Ye would spit on that ton. Cap'n Pepper planned to nose around the Hawaiians and return with a cargo of copra. ter swab it over!"

"A-aye, sir!" stammered Je-ames, the only "greenhorn" on board, as he dived into the storeroom, quickly reappearing laden with a large, stiff-bristled brush, a bucket of water, and a huge piece of soap.

Energetically, Je-ames went over the whole deck, watched by Cap'n Pepper, whose temper when aroused was as hot as his name.

The "Jade Butterfly" was Cap'n Pepper's only home, and as was usual with sea-faring captains, the apple of his eye. She was, in fact, his whole life. A speck on the shining brasses was enough to make him "explode"; and when Cap'n Pepper exploded--he exploded!

Je-ames, by dint of being the "baby" on board, was teased and roughed about unmercifully. Once he had inadvertently said how he hated the name "James," and the rest of the crew literally swooped on the name and drawled it out to the poor fellow's rage and indignation. No matter what his name WAS, it was "Je-ames" now and forevermore.

Je-ames was a little fellow, though plucky as any of the rest. It was his habit, when receiving hard knocks from the A. B.'s to grin and say:

"I'm smilin'!" and thereby he had earned the respect of the crew for the little fellow.

On this particular voyage, the "Jade Butterfly" was heading around the Horn for Honolulu, bound out of Bos-

All his crew with the exception of Je-ames had been with him on his last voyage. The little fellow had been hanging around the dock, looking rather wistfully at the graceful lines of the craft. Cap'n Pepper's steel-grey eyes had noted the longing of the little fellow and he had resolved to take him. He'd be an ideal lookout man.

"Conc'ntrated energy," the Cap'n observed.

So here Je-ames was, firmly ensconced in the hearts of crew and of captain in spite of their ragging.

The sea was rough, today; but the "Jade Butterfly" plowed gallantly on, her curving bow cutting the heaving water into two foam-topped sections.

Je-ames was awed by the mystery of the sea. It was a life-long ambition of his to be a sailor, and here he was, doing his best to learn sea-faring tricks. He was rather frightened by the solitude, the awful aloneness, but he was happy. He found a wild delight in running nimbly up the rigging----once he got used to it. It was grand to pitch and toss with the pitching and tossing of the ship, 'way up above every one else.

To be sure, he had been fearfully seasick, but then---that was at first.

"Hi there, Je-ames!" came the Cap'n's stentorian voice from the bridge.

"Aye, sir!"

Je-ames made his way along the slippery, heaving deck.

"Je-ames," he said, "go up aloft

'un keep a stiff lookout fer clouds,—the wind's a-risin' steadily."

"Aye, sir." Je-ames said briskly as he made his way to the mainmast, mounted the rigging, and clambered into the crow's nest with his glass.

Some time passed. Then Je-ames noticed a low mass lying on the horizon.

"Cloud ho!" he shouted. "Cloud ahead!"

Cap'n Pepper looked at his barometer and shook his head.

"Bad, bad! Steadily fallin' and it's gettin' rougher."

The sky was lowering and the wind tore through the rigging screaming like a wild thing. The "Jade Butterfly" was tossing on the waves like a tiny egg-shell on a choppy bay.

Je-ames in his lofty perch felt sick.

"Cloud ho! Nearer!"

Then it came, or rather,—descended. The clouds parted and the rain fell in torrents. The shrieking of the gale was deafening.

Je-ames felt dizzy—nay, very dizzy. At first he laughed at it, then scorned it. Je-ames was plucky. The storm increased,—and he was violently sick. What could he do? He did not dare to look down,—to climb down was out of the question. He was wet through by the driving force of the rain, and the mile-a-minute gale froze his drenched clothing. He was cold to the marrow of his bones.

His teeth chattered. "I-l'm s-smilin'!" he finally managed to say to himself.

The crew was concerned about him,

—a tiny figure exposed to the cruel mercy of the elements—forgetting that they, too, were in danger.

"Ice is formin' on the ropes and masts," observed one.

Suddenly their attention was caught and held by the wild gesture of the puppet-like figure. He seemed trying to tell them something, but the gale snatched his words out of his mouth and carried them away.

They watched.

He was getting out—was grasping the rigging—

"What a risky thing to do!" cried another of his comrades.

Was it Fate that made the ship lurch forward suddenly?

His hold on the icy ropes slipped—he was falling!

They ran forward to break his fall—just in time—Je-ames was a stiff, ice-coated figure.

He tried to speak,—words came hard.

"Breakers—starb'd and—almost—dead ahead!" he gasped.

The skipper yanked the tiller hard over to port and the "Jade Butterfly" responded gallantly.

The crew carried Je-ames into the Captain's cabin and laid him on the table.

He looked up at Cap'n Pepper.

"Bother," he said weakly. "I'm sorry t'make such a fuss—What happened?"

"You fell from the crows-nest—and broke your back," the Cap'n answered with glistening eyes.

Je-ames essayed a grin.

"I'm smilin'!" he said.

Alice Bentley, '32

## Nostalgia

When winds are riding high outside,  
And tang of salt is in the air,  
It seems I hear the surging sea,  
As, seething in the sand, it runs  
And batters holes and gullies in the  
shore.

When fog is thick and gray outside,  
And tang of salt is in the air,  
It seems I hear the doleful wail  
Of foghorns moaning on the peaks  
Of rocky cliffs that rise from out the  
deep.

When summer winds are soft and low,  
And tang of salt is in the air,  
It seems I hear the wavelets lap  
The shore and, chuckling, tell their  
tales

To anyone who is awake to hear.

When fog's a blanket cov'ring all,  
And tang of salt is in the air,  
It seems I hear the pulsing hum  
Of life across the narrow bay  
That links the mainland to a tiny isle.

And when at night I wake and hear,  
And memories return to haunt  
And hint of things that don't exist,  
It seems I must go home once more,  
And satisfy the longing in my soul.

Elizabeth Calder, '32

## One Too Many

Dick Williams was in a fine predicament. Here it was the day of the big Valentine Dance and he had two girls on his hands whom he was supposed to be taking.

Of course it wasn't Dick's fault that things had turned out so. How was he to remember that he had written to his mother and told her that he wasn't attending the dance because he didn't know any of the girls around there to invite. In the meantime, his roommate had introduced him to a cousin who attended a girls' boarding school in one of the nearby towns. Dick had immediately "fallen for" Cynthia Peabody, and consequently he had invited her to the dance. Then to complicate matters, his mother had just written to

him saying that she was coming up to see him that week-end and was bringing one of her old school friends and her daughter with her for company. Dick, she thought, would be pleased as he could take the daughter of her friend to the dance.

"Well, what a mess," muttered Dick as he read the letter. "I suppose mother was really trying to give me a break, but who wants to take a girl I never saw, to a dance."

"Oh cheer-up, old scout, she might be a Knock-out," soothed Tom, his roommate.

"I don't care what she is," replied Dick gloomily. "What I'm worrying about is how I'm going to explain to Cynthia."

"Gosh, I never thought of her; but wait a minute, I have an idea. I'll call her up and tell her that you was suddenly taken sick and won't be able to go tonight. Then tomorrow you can explain everything to her if you want."

"I feel like a cad," mumbled Dick. "But what if somebody sees us at the dance tonight and tells her, do you really think she'll believe me when I explain, tomorrow?"

"Of course, she will, providing you don't show too much affection for the girl friend tonight."

"Don't worry about that," replied Dick. "I feel myself freezing now."

In this frame of mind, Dick prepared for his week-end guests.

About four o'clock he was informed that his guests had arrived and were waiting in the reception room.

"Good luck, old scout," offered Tom as Dick was leaving the room. "Remember and don't keep me in suspense too long."

Dick made his way slowly down to

the reception room. As he entered, he suddenly stood aghast, for whom should he see seated in one of the big easy chairs, but Cynthia. Before he could speak, his mother loomed in view and beside her an elderly woman.

A half hour later, Cynthia was explaining the events to Dick for the tenth time. "You see," continued Cynthia, "when I received mother's letter at school saying that she and her old friend Lydia Williams were coming up here for the week-end and were going to stop on the way for me so that I could attend a Valentine Dance with her son, I wasn't sure you were the one. However, after Tom's pathetic telephone message saying you had suddenly become ill, I sort of suspected the reason and decided to come up to give you a surprise."

"And what a surprise it was," concluded Dick. "Gosh I nearly forgot Tom, he'll be more than surprised—when he sees you here."

Dorothy Acton, '32

### My Dog

Although he's not a thorough-bred,  
And folks all say he looks half-fed—  
He's mine.

Although he's always full of fleas,  
And chases cats up into trees—  
He's mine.

And though he hasn't sprouted wings  
And misbehaves and does such things--  
He's mine!

Madeline Frazier, '33

### My Red Raincoat

I love the rainy weather,  
With cold winds blowing by;  
When we go out together—  
My red raincoat, and I.

Tho' all the earth be dreary,  
And clouds are in the sky,  
We'll both be gay and cheery—  
My red raincoat, and I.

Phyllis Rose, '33

## Disillusion

"At this time, as usual, you will hear the voice of that well-known crooner, Jack Cannon, singing 'I Don't Know Why,'" sang out the voice of the announcer. A brief pause followed as the orchestra played the first lively notes of the melody. Then the air was filled with the first golden notes of

"I don't know why, I love you like  
I do

I don't know why, I just do," as the crooner seemed to put his whole heart into the song. So it seemed to Miss Betty Barnes, that sweet sixteen year old, as she sat enraptured on the divan in front of her radio. She could imagine him now, tall and slim, with dark, flashing eyes, and pearly white teeth, standing in front of the "mike."

"Will you shut that 'Romeo' off and let a decent fellow sleep?" an exasperated voice from upstairs broke into her reverie.

"Oh, pa, he's only on for fifteen minutes more," begged Betty.

"Oh, all right, then," was the reluctant reply, "I guess I can suffer that much longer."

For ten minutes more, the room resounded with the latest song hits, and our heroine listened hungrily to each note sung by her ideal.

"Now Mr. Cannon has a message of special interest for his friends and colleagues," the deep-voiced announcer interrupted her meditations.

Now the voice of the crooner spoke: "My friends who have written me so many letters of appreciation may be interested to know of my personal appearance at the Empire Theatre in Bridgeport next week."

At these words, Betty jumped up and danced around the room. It was too good to be true, this news that Jack Cannon would appear personally at her town theatre. The chance of her lifetime had come, to be able to see her hero, and so soon, too.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Saturday afternoon, and the Empire Theatre was filled to capacity with the youthful populace of Bridgeport. Foremost among these was our friend, Miss Betty, who sat motionless in one of the front rows. She remained indifferent to the noise and confusion about her, only awaiting a glimpse of her idol. Even the first film passed before she was aware of it.

Now there came a sudden hush as the lights flashed on, and then a thundering of applause as a frail figure advanced to the center of the stage from the side.

Betty straightened up in her seat with a jerk. Who was this young man? Oh, he was just some person making an announcement. But, no, the orchestra was beginning the first strains of the song, and the first golden notes were pouring from the throat of this person. Yes, that was the voice, but where, oh where was Betty's ideal? Where were the godlike features, and the luxuriant wavy hair? Why, this puny-looking person looked too frail to sing a note, and his hair was certainly a little bald at the temple. How could she have thought his music was so wonderful? At best, it was really just ordinary. It was certainly a much disillusioned Betty who departed for home that day.

\* \* \* \* \*      of Jack Cannon," the voice of the announcer sang out.

It was Tuesday night. As usual, Miss Betty Barnes was seated in front of her radio, thinking deeply.

A click and deep silence in the room!!

"You will now hear the golden voice

Mary A. O'Connell, '32

### The Weather

The sun was brightly shining;  
The sky was gorgeous blue;  
"I think I'll wear my best coat,"  
Said Mary Jane to Sue.

The next day dawned most dismal,  
The rain was in the air;  
So Mary Jane determined  
Her raincoat she would wear.

The sun was most deceiving,  
For when the day was o'er,  
As Mary homeward started,  
How it began to pour!

But luck was just against her;  
Once more plans went awry;  
Her slicker was a burden  
Beneath a cloudless sky.

Since women oft their minds change,  
And claim it is their due;  
The weather must be feminine,  
It's temperamental too.

Esther Perlmutter, '33

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### The Inspirational Speaker

Slowly he rises and, with stately tread, advances across the platform. With great ease and efficiency, he arranges his notes, numbering from one to one hundred, on the rostrum. A magnificent gesture brings forth his glasses from his pocket. After adjusting them carefully on his none-too-small, crimson-hued nose, he folds his hands and is prepared to begin. "Boys and girls". He is lost at the very outset. Doesn't he realize how intensely we dislike that be-littling epithet, "Boys and girls". Much more pleasing is "Ladies and Gentlemen".

He continues. "Some years ago, in the hills of New Hampshire, I was privileged to—." The glasses are removed

now, and their owner moves to the left side of the rostrum.

"I cannot describe the soul-stirring beauty of those purple-hazed, stern granite mountains." For goodness sake, if the man admits he can't why does he try? That's senseless, not only senseless, but absurd. We remember the time we toured the White Mountains. The scenery was beautiful, we agree; and the air, most invigorating; but why should we work ourselves into a passion over it?

Oh! Look! He's putting on his glasses again. Aren't they queerly shaped! Whoever designed them must certainly have been a great geometrician.

"Some years ago, in the hills of Vermont—". What? Is he still in the mountains? Why doesn't he come down to earth?

He has taken off his glasses again and has moved to the edge of the platform. This must be his climax, his final appeal. Now all the forces in him seem to be released as he bellows forth his message in a voice like the mighty ocean itself. The thundering words cease and a wave of motion sweeps through the audience. Well, that was quite an interesting address after all. His point was interesting and very true.

"All of which reminds me of a story —". The man is still talking! That was only a semi-climax. Now he's telling another joke. Too bad! We've heard that one too. Ah! He's warm-

ing up again. Surely such eloquence as this must be meant for the "finale". But no. On go the glasses. Then follow narration, description, argumentation, and exposition in lengthy detail.

Another false alarm! More impassioned oratory wrought for no good end. This reminds us of the phonograph record. At the end of each phrase or chorus, one jumps and runs to take off the needle only to find that there is more to come. We would prefer, however, the phonograph; because, at any and all times, it may be shut off.

Thus, enveloped in our musing we receive a pleasurable surprise to find that the poor man, most likely inspired with a firm belief in his own oratorical ability, has actually finished.

Helen Barr, '32

### Naming the Baby

Name her after grandma  
Who's long ago deceased,  
Name her after aunty;  
She'll be her favored niece,

Name her after cousin Jane  
Whom she resembles, see?  
But goodness gracious, Mary,  
Don't name her after me.

Rosemarie Riley, '33

### Temper

A boy sat on a bench at a fashionable London golf club. He suddenly dashed out to greet a man: "Caddy, sir?"

The man hired the lad. The man seemed in a very ruffled state of mind, but the caddy didn't mind. Many of the men who played were like that after a half-day's "work"—as they termed it.

The first eight holes were discouraging. The man displaced an unusually

large number of divots. The ninth hole was the climax. Without a word, he broke every club in his bag over his knee and commanded the lad to throw them into a pond. Next, the golf balls and bag followed the sticks.

The man watched these articles disappear beneath the surface. He withdrew his false teeth. They hurtled through the air and likewise disappeared beneath the surface of the pond.

The caddy, in recounting the story to other fellow-workers, expressed relief that he had not also received a cold bath.

That man probably returned to his home, and if he had a wife and children, took the rest of his temper out on them. If he had no family, he probably sulked the evening away. What he really needed was a good long walk.

Of what value was his utterly senseless burst of temper. Yes, maybe he did get some satisfaction out of destroying his property, but could that make his game any better?

How many times we lose our tempers in a similar way! We may not destroy our possessions in a burst of temper, but we "let loose" nevertheless.

Doctors state that the body loses

flesh when one becomes angry. Not only is the body affected, but the mind is upset also, and our whole outlook on life takes on a bitter aspect.

The air about us becomes charged and tense. Those with us become uncomfortable and nervous. Thus temper can spoil our fun and that of others.

Why make lines come into our faces when we are young? They will be lined soon enough.

Why weaken our constitutions? They are needed for more useful purposes.

Why ruin someone else's joy in life? Life is short enough without making it miserable for ourselves and others as well.

Let's count ten the next time something provoking happens!

Florence Larson, '32

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### The Lake

I

At dawn;

Glitteringly the dancing waves reflect

The greeting of the sun.

Birds on shore-lined trees are twittering,

Glad that the night is done.

II

At night;

Across the rippling waters of the lake,

The moon casts a silvery shimmering streak.

Weird hoots of an owl sound from afar,

Only the stillness of the night to mar.

Victor Plosinsky, '34

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### Desert Song

From his tent, Ali Ben Abdul could hear a plaintive melody drifting on the air. Its minor key spoke of mystery and sadness. It was symbolic of the loneliness of the desert. Ali Ben Abdul didn't need to look out to see who was

singing. He had often heard the same sweet voice of the little servant humming the same peculiar strain. It was as much a part of his life as was his business.

But Ali Ben Abdul didn't realize

how much the song or his surroundings meant to him. He was deeply engrossed with his thoughts at the present. Contrary to Arab custom, Ali Ben Abdul was very much interested in the stories of continental civilization told by Englishmen. He wanted to see these wonders for himself. He decided that he would take some of the money which his father had left to him and with what he had amassed in his business (that of trading), he would go back to Europe with the next Englishman with whom he came in contact.

This was easily arranged, for Ali Ben Abdul was a young, decent-looking man. He was sociable and he was well-educated, having attended an Arabian college. And so he found himself on a ship bound for England, in company with an Englishman whom he had met before. The Englishman had seemed very much pleased to have Ali Ben Abdul go back with him to England and he said, with a sly wink, that he would show the Arab the "sights."

\* \* \* \* \*

Ali Ben Abdul, upon arriving in London, engaged two rooms in a hotel, insisting that the Englishman use one room at his expense. The Englishman was only too glad to avail himself of this opportunity, and he decided that since the Arab had so much money he would help him to spend it.

Needless to say, the Englishman was thinking more of having the money spent for his own interests than of aiding the unsuspecting foreigner. Soliciting the help of two feminine friends, he and they proceeded to enjoy many episodes of night life at the expense of Ali Ben Abdul.

Finally, Ali Ben Abdul realized that his pecuniary supply was rapidly diminishing. With this realization there came over the Arab an inexpressible yearning for something familiar. As a small child longs for the haven of its mother's arms, Ali Ben Abdul longed for his own country.

When he told the Englishman that Arabia was calling him, that worthy gentleman expressed his opinion in one word, "Nonsense."

Nevertheless, Ali Ben Abdul put his remaining English money into the purchase of a steam-ship ticket. With no ill feeling, he bade good-bye to the Englishman and took leave of England with a pretty poor idea of that country.

Lounging in his deck chair, Ali Ben Abdul mused. The culmination of his thoughts brought him to the realization that he had been rather a fool. Instead of seeing the England about which he had read, he had allowed himself to be duped by a crafty man whom, he hoped, he would have the good luck never to see again. But like the business man he was, Ali Ben Abdul mentally put his trip down as profit and loss, and decided to forget it in the pleasure of getting home once more.

\* \* \* \* \*

From his tent, Ali Ben Abdul could hear a plaintive melody drifting on the air. Its minor key spoke of mystery and sadness, but intermingled with these was a note of tenderness that drifted straight into the heart of Ali Ben Abdul.

Ah, how unspeakably glad he was to be back where he belonged. If his seemingly futile trip had given him nothing else, it had given him an appreciation of his desert—and a song.

Ruth Lovelace, '32

### The Change

I feel lovely. It's so nice and warm here in the sun. I'll have to wiggle on though; I've still got two miles to go.

Let me see. This is August. I ought to have a new suit this week. I had one last June. That's done me a lot of good since then.

That storm last week surely gave me a thorough bath, but still, I feel dirty. I certainly enjoyed that mud bath yesterday, too. Of course, that pesky dog would come along just as I dozed off.

That is a thought. A doze might do me some good. I've travelled about ten miles this morning.

This is a nice, cozy nook. Now for a snooze.

I'm not so keen on getting home to-day. That's funny. Oh, well, uh-hum---.

\* \* \* \* \*

Whee--! What a sensation just went down my back! I feel as if my back were splitting! Let me see. Why it is splitting!

Joy is me! I've shed my coat! Just look at that hideous, wrinkled bit of stuff lying there in the sand! Thank goodness, I'll never see it again.

Great, there's a pool! I'll see how I look. Won't the folks be surprised when they see me? I feel about ten years younger. I even think I look it. This is a glorious gray. See those yellow stripes! I feel like a prince.

Mr. Adolph Snakerina wriggled proudly off down the road. His old suit, newly acquired the previous June, curled in the hot August sun.

- Florence Larson, '32

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### Life

Life, at the beginning,  
Is like a shadow—  
Silently flitting in.  
Life, at its prime,  
Is what we make it—  
Tragic, glad,

Cheerful, sad,  
Life, when near its end,  
Is like a phantom ship,  
Slowly ebbing with the tide.  
So strange a thing—this life.

Ruth Johnson, '33

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### Street Corner Papers

Now I am not such a guy as you would expect to find hanging around street corners but as a wise guy once said, "Life is full of little surprises."

Because I haven't enough of the necessary to go places and do things and because I don't like to stay home and listen to the tripe they hand out nowadays on the radio, I took to hanging around street corners.

Like each bird has his favorite roosting place, so I have my favorite corner. I'm not going to mention this corner because some of you guys would try to muscle in and probably put the finger on us on account of some of the things we say.

This corner is an ideal place to hang around, being as there's a drug store on one side with a pool room down-

stairs; across the street is a lunch cart and it is not enough of a busy place to have a dick on duty.

I'd like to introduce the gang to you.

First is Gigolo Georgie, a snappy dresser. To hear him tell it, all the ladies fall for him; it's my opinion they fall all over themselves to get away from him. All in all, he's quite a beaut, as we say.

Next is Joe Samson called "Rusty" because of his hands which are all iron rust, getting this way because "Rusty" makes his living knocking rust off of anchors down at the shipyards. Rusty's got a right that would kill a cow and is quite a slugger around at the clubs, going around under the name of "Kid" Samson.

Then there's "Big Shot" Daniels, the ward boss's assistant who altho not many guys know it, is the boss of this town. "Big Shot" is especially ac-

tive around election time and always has plenty of the necessary scratch altho I can't see where he gets it. (Even if I can't see I can make a pretty good guess.) "Big Shot" has a plan for every thing that's wrong in this country. He says, eventually, he will wipe out all the graft in this city—but the least he says about that the better.

And last is myself—but I won't use my real name. I'll just call myself Jake Smith which is my book name, the name I give the bulls when I'm nabbed which isn't often as I'm known as a guy that's plenty smart even having gone through high school which explains some of the fancy language in these papers.

We're usually all there together on Saturday nights and I thot our talks might be interesting to some people, so I'm going to tell you all I know in the next papers, which won't take long.

John Pendergast, '33

### The Heights

Ah, bitter cold it is!  
Bent figures in the street,  
Wrapt from head to toe, hurry past,  
Stamping homeward on chilled feet,  
To escape the freezing blast.

The express truck pulls up  
Next door. My neighbor, I see,  
Is no respector of seasons, as she,  
Imaginative soul, has bought  
A new refrigerator!

Anthony O'Donnell, '32

### Traffic Duty

There have been many comments made about our traffic squad, but unfortunately they have all been taken from the outsider's point of view. By "outsider," I mean the pupils (mostly sophomores) who persist in going down the wrong side of the corridors,

walking three abreast, using the wrong stairway, going to their locker when they shouldn't; and doing about three million other things which are violations of the traffic rules. It's the general opinion that the officers who try to prevent these mistakes just wish to

show their authority. In defense of the traffic squad, I have a few words to say.

I have been stationed at the boys' locker room, which is used by about one hundred and fifty boys. About one hundred and forty-nine of these boys are friends of mine (when they wish to go to their lockers at the wrong time). There are always one or two boys tiptoeing up to me for permission to open their lockers, to get a chemistry book, a gym suit, a notebook, lunch or anything else which a locker will hold. I wish these boys would remember that even if it's "just this once" or "only this time," it means that the traffic officer "risks his neck" in the event that the faculty advisors should happen by.

Some of the offenders are indignant when they are refused permission, or when they are sent away from the lockers. They can't see why it's such a crime to merely open a locker. If one or two are allowed to do so everybody will want to do the same thing, and anyone can see what confusion it would make. Our school would sound like a boiler shop. (Take the intermission between the second and third periods for example.) A student who has a justifiable reason should get a permission slip from a teacher.

Running in the corridors is another major offense of these student

"friends." Every lunch period some people have to be stopped. Perhaps they fear that the food will be all sold if they reach the lunch counter late. I feel sure that Miss Bridges is capable of attending to the matter and that there is absolutely no need for worry on the part of these individuals.

So much for offenses. We shall turn to the lighter side of traffic duty. Traffic officers take a great deal of delight in hiding behind lockers to watch some unfortunate come softly up to his locker, and greeting him to the pleasant tune of "NO LOCKERS." They also like to listen to the tales of woe about how "I forgot a biology book" or why "I must get a pencil out of my locker" and then telling the author of the hard-luck story how sorry they are to refuse him.

At the first of the year the traffic officer receives his biggest thrill. It comes thus,—The bell rings and the student comes walking into the room late, takes a seat and is confronted with the inevitable question "Have you a tardy slip?" He shakes his head and this calls for a five minute talk from teacher on being late for class and the necessity of having a tardy slip. When she has concluded he raises his head, lowers his voice, and, triumphantly, squeaks "Traffic Officer."—All is Forgiven!

George Maguire, '32



### The Hunter of the Skies

On any winter's evening,  
If all the sky is clear,  
Orion with his shining sword  
Gleams down from up above.

Behind him trails his patient dog;  
His name is Tirius,  
Who watches for his master's nod  
To go and fetch the "kill."

Long has this pair traversed the sky—  
This hunter and his dog.  
The huntsman, poised with raised  
sword,  
His dog, alert, behind.

Francis Murphy, '32

### My Room

My room is my castle,  
With solitude blest,  
Here can I study,  
And here go to rest.

And there on a table,  
A photograph looks,  
Laughing at me, who's  
So busy with books.

My bed's in one corner,  
My desk is close by;  
Then comes the couch, where  
Dad naps, on the sly.

Upon a white stool all  
My "Arguenots" lie;  
Some day I'll read them,  
Perhaps, with a sigh.

This room holds a treasure,  
With mem'ries it's fraught  
Wher'ere I may go  
It won't be forgot.

Ruth Lovelace, '32

### Fog

Fog—  
You steal in silently from the sea—  
Covering all  
Threatening all—  
Your source to man is mystery.

Fog—  
You glory in your devastating work—  
Challenging men—  
Destroying all—  
You wrap the earth as does a shroud.

Fog—  
You are the monster of the sea—  
Bringing death—  
Causing mysteries—  
You are the eerie agent of all evil.

Frances Gillette, '32

# OUR NEW TEACHERS

There are several new teachers with us this year, as we all know. But because many students do not have these teachers in their various subjects, they do not know what their names are—even yet. So, below, are accounts of themselves which the "new teachers" have obligingly handed me.

Miss Harriet M. Gay, of the Science and Mathematic departments, is a graduate of Norwood High School, and of Mount Holyoke College. For the past few years, Miss Gay has assisted in the Biology department of Spelman College, a college for the Negro women in Atlanta, Georgia.

That Miss Gay is a graduate of Norwood High School is very interesting. How different it must seem to her to come back to Norwood to a new building, many new teachers, and all new students!

Miss Loretta J. Burke obtained her B. S. degree from Simmons College, Boston. Miss Burke was formerly with the First National Bank of Boston and also, with the Chandler Secretarial School in Boston.

So one of our teachers is a banker! It's a small world after all, isn't it? We are very lucky to have Miss Burke with us.

Miss Cottrell of the Social Science Department submits this interesting information: "I prepared for college at Gould Academy, Bethel, Maine; and received from Boston University the degrees A. B. and A. M. I did some graduate work at Clarke University; and have a certificate from the Uni-

versity of Grenoble, Grenoble, France. (Signed) Avis S. Cottrell."

Miss Cottrell seems to be a much traveled young lady. Hope she stays with us long enough for us to become acquainted with her!

Miss Vena M. Garvin says: "My association with faculty and students of the Norwood High School is proving very pleasant. My past experience as a commercial teacher has been several years, divided between high school and business college. I have also done secretarial work and bookkeeping."

We are glad, Miss Garvin, that you like Norwood High School. We all are pleased to have you among us.

Miss Elizabeth (Betty to intimate friends) O'Sullivan majored in English at Biddeford, Maine and she likes teaching it here. Miss O'Sullivan likes all sorts of spectator sports, especially football. She goes in for bowling at the Norwood Teachers' Club. She graduated from Boston University. Miss O'Sullivan likes Norwood and Norwood High, too. And just as a point of interest,—she has a good sense of humor and is a good sport.

Miss Miriam Elizabeth McMichael graduated from Bates in 1929. She likes Norwood High as a whole. Miss McMichael is attending Columbia University in the summer, for her master's degree. She is especially interested in music and dramatics.

James H. Butler, Jr., is a graduate of Bridgewater Normal where he obtained his B. S. degree. He received his A. M. degree at New York Univer-

sity. Mr. Butler taught for three years in Braintree and for three years in Montclair, New Jersey. Then he taught one year at Mt. Vernon, New York. Mr. Butler is much interested in teaching.

Those of us who were here last year are acquainted with Mr. Butler. He has become a regular member of the faculty, just this year. Mr. Butler is a very interesting talker,—once one "gets him going."

I think even the newcomers are familiar with Mr. Stanley C. Fisher—commonly called "Stan". He is a graduate of Walpole High School and of Bates College of the Class of 1930. Mr. Fisher teaches Chemistry and Physics and is aiding Mr. Murray in football and track. He is also the Faculty Advisor of the Camera Club.

Mr. Fisher has had charge of the Walpole Memorial Park Swimming Pool near the centre of Walpole. In the summer he carries on classes in Swimming and Life-Saving and coaches those especially interested in Diving. Mr. Fisher taught science in Bath, Maine.

Some of us have seen Mr. Fisher at Bird's Park so he was not wholly unfamiliar when we came back to school this Fall. All those that have him know what a good scout he is, and as most of us know him, there is no need of saying anything further.

When I "interviewed" Mr. Lynch I asked him for something different. This is what I got. Judge for yourself whether this is "different" or not!

Lincoln D. Lynch insists "that the roof of the Gym is a poor place to hang a coat . . . Every Saturday Home Game, I chase the fence around the

football field . . . I can't ride a motorcycle but could if I had one . . . Was born in this latest century in a growing town . . . "

Mr. Lynch always manages to be amusing even if he does withhold "important information"! Any town would be proud to claim him, so he need not omit mentioning his birthplace.

Miss Cora Hopkins obtained her degree from Wheaton College. She taught English in Plainville, Connecticut. Miss Hopkins likes to skate, play basketball, field hockey, even baseball! (We have a little teacher with us that has unusual athletic abilities!) "Picnickin'," she informed me, "is lots of fun." Miss Hopkins is interested in music—good music-books, and the theatre. She hates cosmetics—and their uses! She said, "My main interest in life is my 1928 fliver—there's no paint on it but it gets me there, after all."

I have a suspicion that if one engaged Miss Hopkins in conversation, one would find she was very capable of talking—and talking well on any subject.

Miss Dorothy R. Guptill graduated from Berwick Hill School, Berwick, Maine. She obtained her degree from Nashua Business College. Miss Guptill has taken courses for two seasons at Simmons College, in Boston. She has taught at Berwick High, the school where she graduated and at Westbrook High School, in Westbrook, Maine. Miss Guptill has spent four summers doing court reporting for the law firm of Mathews and Stevens of Somersworth, New Hampshire. She is interested in all sports, in modern of-

fice machines, and in court reporting. Miss Guptill is teaching Bookkeeping and Clerical Practice.

I think from reading the above, we

all know a bit more about our "new teachers". We hope they feel, now, as if they "belonged."

### The Clock

Gee, will that clock never stop?  
I'll "go nuts" if I listen more!  
That ceaseless, endless ticking—  
Wish it would fall on the floor!

It never hurries a bit—  
Ticks on, the whole day long,  
Patient, exact to the dot—  
I'd sell it for a song!

I listen to it at night;  
It's just outside my door—  
It makes my sleep uneasy,  
And causes bad dreams galore.

When I'm alone in the house,  
And hear that clock upstairs,  
I imagine all sorts of things,  
Such as skeletons behind the chairs!

Whenever I do my English,  
And strive for original thoughts,  
That thing upstairs disturbs me!  
A curse be on all the clocks!!

Harriet Rathbun, '33

### Ford of Mine

You are full of knocks and squeaks—  
Ford of mine!  
And your radiator leaks—  
Ford of mine!  
When I give you all the gas,  
Other cars right by us pass,  
Why you're not in their class,  
Ford of mine.

And your wheels are not so new—  
Ford of mine!  
You are battered through and through,  
Ford of mine!  
Yet when I need you sadly,  
When I must get somewhere badly,  
You are waiting for me gladly—  
Ford of mine!

George Maguire, '32



# Foreign Language Department

## Croisilles

(un résumé d'un conte lu en classe)

Au commencement du règne de Louis XV, un jeune homme nommé Croisilles, fils d'un bijoutier, revenait de Paris au Havre. Il voyagait à pied pour son plaisir, et en route il cherchait des rimes dans sa tête pour essayer de faire un sonnet pour une belle fille d'un financier très riche laquelle s'appelait Julie Godeau.

Croisilles alla frapper à la porte de la boutique, mais personne ne vint. Un voisin lui dit que son père avait fait de la banqueroute, et qu'il était allé en Amérique. Croisilles se dirigea vers le quai, et il eut l'idée de mourir en se jetant dans l'eau quand il rencontra Jean, un vieux domestique.

Ils retournaient vers la ville quand Croisilles vit Julie rentrer chez elle. Tout de suite Croisilles alla frapper à la maison de M. Godeau. Il trouva le monsieur qui comptait son or. Il lui demanda si Julie pourrait devenir sa

femme. M. Godeau pensa que le pauvre homme avait complètement perdu la raison. Comme Croisilles allait partir, Julie laissa tomber un bouquet de violettes. Il le ramassa, mais Julie continua sa route sans prononcer un mot.

Quand Croisilles était à une comédie, il vit Julie, et elle le vit aussi. La boutique appartint à Croisilles, et il voulait la vendre, parce qu'il fallait avoir trois cent mille francs pour épouser mademoiselle Godeau. En vendant la boutique à un juif pour quatre cent louis, Croisilles acheta des marchandises sur un vaisseau. Le vaisseau échoua, et Croisilles perdit tout.

En apprenant ceci, Julie alla à une tante de Croisilles et lui demanda de l'aider. La tante vint à M. Godeau richement habillée, et le monsieur décida le bonheur des deux amants.

Allyn H. Fisher, '32

## Madeleine de Vercheres

Nous lisons dans notre classe de français l'histoire de Madeleine de Verchères. Elle est une petite fille de quatorze ans qui avec très peu de soldats défend le fort contre les Indiens qui l'attaquent en l'absence de son père. Après un siège de huit jours, l'aide arrive et tous sont sauvés. Les élèves ont écrit ces télégrammes de dix mots qui racontent les nouvelles de ce conte.

Madeleine de Verchères seule. Indiens arrivent. Tous sauvés.

Indiens. Avons résisté huit jours. L'aide est arrivée. Madeleine héroïne.

Madeleine et cinq autres défendent fort contre Indiens. Tous sauvés.

Indiens attaquent. Madeleine garde fort pendant semaine. Tous sauvés.

Indiens attaquent. Madeleine seule. Siège huit jours. L'aide arrive. Sauvés.

Dorothy Day, '33

### Son Jardin

Elle flane dans l'allée de son jardin, d'orgueil joue aux coins de ses lèvres son corbeille au bras. Elle regarde comme elle relève chacune des roses tendrement les fleurs qu'elle a cultivées pour observer encore la taille parfaite, soigneusement jour par jour, même s'il la beauté superbe des pétales. pleuvait, même s'il faisait chaud. Tantôt elle s'arrête pour respirer le parfum d'une rose exquise ou pour en couper une qu'elle ajoute à celles dans le corbeille. Au bout de l'allée elle s'assied sur un banc. Un sourire

Quelques-unes elle caresse avant d'en faire un bouquet. Elle aime ses fleurs comme si elles sont humaines. Et vraiment, elles lui sont humaines. Elle a perdu sa fille qui était belle comme les roses.

Frances Probert, '32

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### En Patinant

L'air est vif et très froid,  
Le vent d'hiver souffle brusquement,  
En patinant.

La glace est claire et très unie,  
Et éclate sous le soleil brillant,  
En patinant.

Mais j'aime beaucoup à patiner,  
Malgré l'air vif et le vent soufflant,  
En patinant.

Louise B. Callahan, '32

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### Le Signor Vitalis

Le grand vieillard que vous voyez dans le coin près de la cheminée porte un costume bizarre. Sa barbe blanche tombe sur sa poitrine. Son chapeau est orné de plumes vertes et rouges et ses cheveux sont en longues mèches qui tombent jusqu'aux épaules. Une peau de mouton avec la laine en dedans tombe à la taille. Cette peau a deux

trous ouverts aux épaules pour les bras qui sont vêtus en velours bleu. De grandes guêtres en laine montant jus qu'aux genoux sont serrées par des rubans rouges qui s'entre-croisent sur ses jambes. Trois chiens se couchent à ses pieds et un singe se perche sur une épaule. C'est le signor Vitalis et sa troupe.

Paul Taylor, '33

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### Un Incident dans la Tulipe Noire

J'ai trouvé que l'incident le plus intéressant était quand Rosa et Boxtel essayaient de prouver leurs droits à la tulipe noire. Boxtel était un très bon

menteur et Rosa a éprouvé beaucoup de misère avant de faire croire à son Altesse que la tulipe était vraiment à elle. Rosa était inspirée de l'idée de

demander à Boxtel ce qu'étaient devenus les deux autres caieux. Il lui a répondu qu'un avait avorté et l'autre était chez lui à Dordrecht. A ce moment Rosa l'a tiré de sa poitrine, enveloppé dans le même papier dans lequel Van Baerle lui avait donné les trois caieux. Heureusement Rosa savait lire et quand elle a vu qu'il y

avait de l'écriture sur le papier elle l'a lue. C'était la lettre que Corneille de Witt avait écrite à son filleul et qui établissait l'innocence de celui-ci. Elle a donné la lettre à Guillaume et quand il a vu que Van Baerle n'était pas coupable il avait bien honte et il a annoncé que la justice serait faite.

Juliet Mercier, P. G.

### La Fille du Jardinier

Remi, un enfant trouvé, habitait avec un jardinier et sa famille. La famille se composait de cinq personnes. Le père veuf était Monsieur Acquin. Il avait deux garçons et deux filles. La plus jeune fille, Lise, était muette, mais pas de naissance. Remi était un bon ami à la petite muette, à qui il enseignait à lire et à écrire. Lise était une bonne élève et elle apprenait vite.

Un jour quand Remi travaillait avec le jardinier, Capi, le chien de Remi, et Lise sont allés faire une promenade au bord du ruisseau. Ici ils ont vu des garçons qui jouaient près du ruisseau.

Quand les petits garçons ont vu Capi, ils ont commencé à le taquiner. Ils lui ont attaché un pot vide à la queue et ils l'ont battu. Lise ne pouvait pas parler ni crier, mais elle n'a pas quitté le pauvre Capi. Au contraire, elle a jeté des pierres aux garçons, ce qui les a tellement étonnés qu'ils s'en sont allés vite. Remi a entendu les hurlements des garçons et est venu pour aider Lise.

Après cela Lise était une héroïne à Remi et une amie pour toujours pour Capi.

Vivian Hansen, '32

### Une Rencontre Executive

Cet hiver un grand incident eut lieu à Washington qui fut peut-être le seul de cette sorte depuis l'inquiétude précoce de notre pays. La France et les Etats-Unis ont été unis plus intimement que jamais par la visite de Monsieur Laval, le ministre français, qui vint causer avec le président Hoover. Les conditions doivent être très sérieuses pour justifier une telle visite et les peuples de tous les deux pays espèrent que les deux hommes achèveront beaucoup pour aider aux conditions courantes; surtout la dépres-

sion des finances. Pourquoi est-ce que cette rencontre est de telle importance aux peuples du monde? C'est très évident! La France est sans doute le pays le plus important d'Europe parce qu'elle contrôle une fourniture d'or, seconde seulement à celle des Etats-Unis. Ainsi quand nous voyons que deux pays de cette puissance ont volontier coopéré, c'est un signe favorable pour la prospérité. Néanmoins, vive les rencontres exécutives entre les pays!

C. Russell Miller, '32

### Une Conversation

Je m'appelle Mattia. Je suis venu en Angleterre de la France avec mon bon ami qui s'appelle Remi. Il est un enfant trouvé et sa nourrice ne savait pas qui étaient ses parents. Il y a un mois, nous avons appris le nom de l'avocat qui cherchait Remi. Il nous a menés à la maison de Monsieur Driscoll. Il est un voleur et ses voisins sont des voleurs ou des receleurs. Je ne crois pas que cet homme soit le père de Remi.

Ecoutez! Il y a des voix dans l'autre salle. J'entends le nom de Remi. Sûrement ce n'est pas un méchanceté d'écouter.

C'est une voix étrange qui dit: "La santé de mon neveu Arthur est très mauvaise."

Et Monsieur Driscoll répond: "C'est très bien, n'est-ce pas, Monsieur Milligan?"

La voix étrange rit et alors dit: "Mais oui, j'hériterai la fortune de mon frère mort, et je serai un homme riche!"

Arthur—Milligan—? qui sont-ils? Ah, je me rappelle! Arthur Milligan est le nom d'un ami de Remi. C'est un pauvre garçon riche qui est toujours malade.

Je vois Remi qui vient maintenant. Il me faut lui dire tout ce que les deux hommes ont dit. Peut-être irons-nous voir le petit Arthur et sa mère, Madame Milligan. Peut-être cette conversation que j'ai surprise sera importante dans la vie de Remi. Qui sait?

Ruth Le Roy, '33

### La Part d'Isaac Boxtel en "La Tulipe"

Isaac Boxtel était un tulipier qui demeurait à Dordrecht en Hollande. Son voisin était Cornélius Van Baerle le héros de cette histoire. Van Baerle était un meilleur tulipier qu'Isaac Boxtel et celui-ci savait cela parce qu'il avait épieré Cornélius et il était très envieux. Il tenta de ravager les plates-bandes de son voisin. Quand il trouva en épiant que Van Baerle avait réussi dans sa recherche pour la grande tulipe noire, il était encore plus envieux. Il savait aussi par épiant que Van Baerle avait un dépôt de Corneille de

Witt. Pour troubler Cornélius, il écrivit une dénonciation anonyme. Van Baerle était arrêté et condamné enfin à la prison. Mais cela est une autre histoire. Isaac Boxtel, en dépit de sa méchanceté, n'obtint pas les caieux qui donneraient la tulipe noire. Mais alors il alla à la prison où était Cornélius et il vola la tulipe noire que Rosa, la chère amie de Cornélius, avait fait fleurir. Mais comme avec presque tout criminel, il était découvert et l'histoire se finit bien.

Ruth Lovelace, '32

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### El Cid

El Cid era un noble héroe de España que vivió entre los años de 1030 a 1099. Rodrigo Díaz era su nombre

verdadero, pero era tal guerrero que todo el mundo le llamaba el Cid. Luchaba en muchas luchas y ganó gran

fama. Diaz ayudó a muchas personas con sus luchas y él era siempre victorioso. Durante toda su vida, Rodrigo era un aventurero y amaba mucho esta vida. La gente le amaba y tenía él una autoridad casi igual a la de un rey. El Cid era famoso en la literatura

castellana y como un guerrero, también. La gente escribía de su buen trabajo y de su carácter invencible y magnánimo. El Cid, el más grande de los guerreros castellanos, murió en el mes de julio de 1099.

Helen Donovan, '32

### San Sebastian

San Sebastián es la playa célebre de España. Está situada en el norte en la Bahía de Vizcaya. Es una pequeña población pero mucha gente va allá de los pueblos para las vacaciones.

San Sebastián está construída alrededor de la playa, que se llama La Concha a causa de su forma. Hay mucha actividad en la población. Hay muchas tiendas, hoteles, casinos y hermosos paseos. También en San

Sebastián está la residencia de la reina madre, que se llama el Palacio de Miramar. La playa era también la residencia del verano de la corte.

Como San Sebastián está situada en la costa hay mucho comercio allí. Hay también muchas fábricas de lana, de algodón, de lino y de metales. Todo esto hace de San Sebastián una población muy interesante y atractiva.

Ruth K. Wagner, '32

### El Cid

Rodrigo Díaz conocido también por el nombre del Cid, es el héroe más notable de España. Durante la guerra entre los cristianos y los musulmanes el siglo nueve, guerreó por los cristianos y algunas veces por los musulmanes. Después de una guerra entre el rey de Sevilla y el rey de Granada fué desterrado del reino a causa de los celos y del odio de sus enemigos. El Cid venció a los moros en la ciudad morisca de Valencia después de un

sitio de nueve meses pero pocos años más tarde fueron vencidos sus ejércitos y murió de dolor en el mes de julio de 1099. Sus restos fueron enterrados en la casa consistorial de Burgos por su viuda. El Cid era astuto y brillante en batalla con los adversarios y recibía el aprecio de todo el mundo. Su caída terminó la carrera pintoresca del gran patriótico de España, el caballero típico y el soldado seductor del suerte.

Francis Concannon, '32

### Toledo

Toledo es una ciudad muy interesante y vieja. La ciudad fué tomada por los romanos en el año 192. Más tarde fué a los visigodos y era la residencia de su corte. Durante cuatro

siglos los moros fueron dueños de la ciudad. Toledo creció mucho bajo su regla y después de pocos años hubo más de doscientas personas en la ciudad. Importaba por sus creencias

religiosas, por sus industrias de armas blancas y por sus fábricas de seda y de lana. En 1085 Alfonso seis de Castilla entró en Toledo y tomó la ciudad. Dos años más tarde Alfonso trasladó su corte de Burgos a Toledo.

La ciudad está circundada por el río

Tajo y la planicie de Castilla. Las calles de Toledo son muy estrechas y viejas y no hay muchas plazas grandes. Hay muchos edificios muy interesantes y históricos, de que el Alcazar es el más alto.

Helen Carleton, '32



# JOKES

**Chemistry Teacher**—A thing that is volatile changes to a gas readily.

**Bright Pupil**—Is a gas stove volatile?

**Teacher**—Who can give an example of coincidence?

**Student**—My mother and father were married on the same day. (Ex.)

## Heard in French Class

**First**—Je t'adore.

**Second**—Shut it yourself, you left it open. (Ex.)

**Chemistry Students Please Note**  
Johnny was a chemist's son,

But Johnny is no more.

What Johnny thought was H<sub>2</sub>O  
Was H<sub>2</sub>S04. (Ex.)

**Senior**—How would you like to take your castor oil?

**Soph**—With a fork. (Ex.)

**Mother**—Son, how is it that you always have lower marks in January than in December?

**Son**—Why Mother, you know that everything is marked down after the holidays. (Ex.)

Johnny had just written on the blackboard; "There is no such word as 'fale'."

"Why don't you correct him?" asked the visitor.

"His statement is perfectly correct," replied the teacher. (Ex.)

In one of the English classes the pupils were told to write sentences containing certain words. (It's not a new idea. You may have heard of it before.) The following is the prize winner according to the critics—Sentence using "Bedlam"—The family moved as the house was full of "bedlambs."

Last Friday morning at the armory, Mr. Wheeler casually remarked to the members of the rifle club, "I'll have to shoot you in pairs next Friday."

Now that we have baby Austins, I guess that we'll have baby autogyros. If so, when we're not using them we can turn them over and use them for eggbeaters.

I think that these "chicken loaf" sandwiches are just "a lot of baloney."

Mr. Lynch was explaining to his American History class about the "Wild Irish" of the western part of the country. "The Wild Irish came down from the hills every month and painted the town red." A student suggested that it would be more appropriate if they painted it green.

Smart schoolboy's definition of the human spine: "The spine is a long, limber bone. Your head sets on one end and you set on the other end."

This sounds dangerous,—A man with one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel.

**Oh Boy**

Nit—Eleanor, your sweater is a bit too short.

Wit—Oh, that's all right,—that's the Ablative of Separation.

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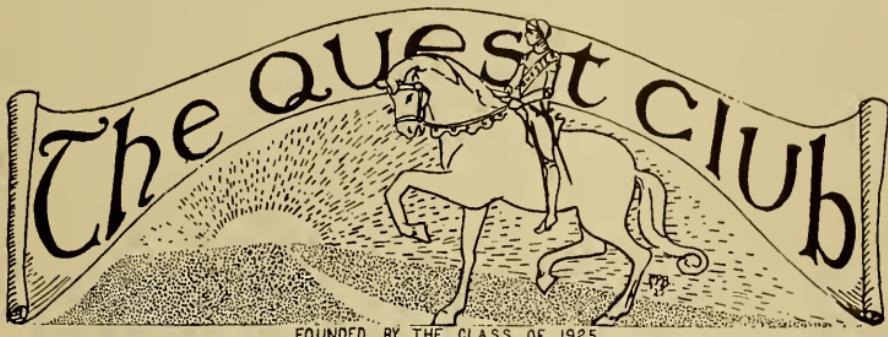
Here's One from European History

Teacher—Which battle was Alexander the Great slain in?

Pupil—I think it was the last one.

The English class was told to write a story of a baseball game in class. The class went right at it all except one boy, who just sat and looked puzzled. The teacher called for the papers and the boy suddenly came to life and scribbled some words on the paper. The teacher read the themes later and was nonplussed by one of them. It read: "Rain--no game."





As the Arguenot goes to press, bills for the Christmas party have not all been received. We believe, however, that we have sufficient money to cover the expenses of the party.

Following is a list of the ways in which money was raised for the party and the amounts received from each source:

Sale of candy at football games	\$38.48
Sale of letter paper	7.00
Profit from moving picture	65.75
Donations from Questers	50.06
Donations from Friends	42.00
Total	\$203.29

Harriet Rathbun, '33

### The Christmas Party

The day had come, and eighty-one little boys and girls eagerly awaited the Questers who would drive up in the automobiles and take them to the long anticipated Quest Club party.

Promptly at three thirty the cars drew up, the children climbed in, and a few minutes later each little guest was in the charge of one particular Quester who became his host for the afternoon.

At four the march began. The children, wearing bright paper caps marched in, each holding the hand of a Quester. President Billingham lead the march. The gymnasium was brilliantly lighted by the glistening Christmas tree.

Helen Donovan then announced the "peanut hunt". Each little guest returned with peanuts galore, and there were two prizes for those who captured the most. "Going to Jerusalem" and "Farmer in the Dell" provided laughs and fun for the Questers as well as the children. Relay races caused much excitement.

Then came refreshments—ice-cream and cake, and cake and ice-cream, and some more ice-cream. But what is a party without all the ice-cream you can eat? Everyone had all he wanted, and then some to take home.

It was getting late and the children had begun to feel some concern about Santa Claus, when he dropped down

on the gymnasium roof and opened the window. Eighty-one cheery voices invited him in, and eighty-one youngsters ran to the door to open it for him. But Santa fooled them all. He came down the chimney and emerged from the fireplace just as the children returned.

Santa gave each little girl a doll. To each little boy he gave exactly the thing he most wanted. For this year Santa found out just what each little boy did want, and brought him that one thing. There were footballs, trucks,

steamshovels, tractors, skis, and even a sled. Everyone tried out his new toy at once, and no one would have been safe crossing the gymnasium floor at that time.

After all the gifts were distributed Santa gave each child mittens, a book, candy, a candy cane and an apple. The party ended with three lusty cheers for the Quest Club and a promise given by the children to themselves give a party when they grew up and became Questers.

M. L. F., '33

### Election of Officers

Election of representatives of the class of 1934 to the Quest Club Board was held immediately following the closing of the membership list of November 15. The following officers were elected:

Recording Secretary: John Linnehan; Representatives: Anna Murray,

Frances Turner, Edward Collins, Edward Gotovich.

Robert Boutilier, representative of the class of 1933, left school early in the year and Rosemarie Riley took his place on the Quest Club Board.

The membership of the club this year is 542.





## School Activities

On Monday, November 23, the annual Thanksgiving Assembly took place. The orchestra rendered several selections. Richard Baker read the Governor's Proclamation. Readings were given by Florence Larson and Russell Miller.

During the week of December 7, all pupils in the school were given the audiometer test.

On Wednesday, December 16, all members of the English "A" and "B" junior and senior classes held a meeting in 217. Mr. John Hines, formerly of the Phidela Rice players, gave a lec-

ture and readings on Shakespeare's works.

An assembly for the awarding of letters was held Friday, December 18. Football, golf, cheerleader, band and rifle awards were made.

Sectional meetings with Miss Gow and Mr. Lynch were discontinued during December because of the conflicting activities of the Quest Club.

The annual Christmas assembly was held in the Junior High Auditorium on Wednesday, December 23. The Sophomore class presented the play, "Solitaire."

## Senior Notes

Class meetings have been held to discuss the class tax, Senior Promenade, and the Senior Play.

A tax of ten cents a month was decided by the class.

The class, with the consent of the School Board, decided to postpone the Senior Promenade until January.

The Senior Play will be given in February. The Executive Board was given authority to select the play, coach, and committeees.

The Senior Class won the Scholarship Cup for the first term by a large percentage. Let us hope that they keep their good work up for the rest of the year.

Preparations are already under way for the Senior Prom which will be held on January 22. With the aid and co-operation of the students, it promises to be a social as well as a financial success.

The dates for the Senior Play are

February 4 and 5. The play chosen is "Skidding" and the cast has been announced. Throughout its High School career this class has shown capability

in the management of its social affairs. This year, we hope, will be no exception.

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### Junior Class Notes

October 28—The class met in the boy's side of the gymnasium to discuss the amount of the class tax. Joseph Flynn, our class president for 1931-32, presided over the meeting. The treasurer's report was read and ac-

cepted. Ten cents a month was voted upon by the majority of the class as the dues for this year.

The Junior class hasn't had any class meetings since October 28.

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### Sophomore Class Notes

The annual sophomore play was held in the Junior High School auditorium on December 23rd, 1931.

Participating in it were: John Garlick, Eleanor Holman, Walter Aikens, Ellen Peterson, and Colin Roberts.

The play, "Solitaire," was coached by Miss O'Sullivan, who was presented a gold piece after the performance.

John Smith, of the Sophomore Class was killed on December 12th, 1931, by the collision of a truck with the bicycle which he was riding.

The funeral took place December 15th. He will be missed by a large number of friends and acquaintances, among whom he was very popular.

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### Alumni Notes

Ida Berezin, '31 and Marie Kelley, '31 are studying at Bridgewater Normal.

Anne Usavich, '29 is employed part time at the Norwood Women's Shop.

Frank Foley is to graduate from B. U. Law this Spring.

Matthew King, '31 and Joe Barrett, '31 are attending classes at Northeastern.

Elizabeth Johnson, '30 is working in the proof room at the Norwood Press.

"Champ" McNulty, '28 is now a member of the Norwood Police Force.

Marion French, '30 is training at the Children's Hospital, Boston, Mass.

Mary Tobin, '31 is assisting in the office of Dr. Foley.

Joe Bingham, '31 is studying at Smith. We recently enjoyed reading a poem by Joe in the Boston Herald.

Margaret Keady, '31 is training at the Cambridge Hospital.

Anne Kruchas, '30 is employed at the office of Sykes and Sykes.

Friends of Mary Abbt, '30 received cards at Christmas time from Cambridge where she now resides.

Doris Van Gorder, '30 is assisting at Cumming's Dress Shop, Washington Street, Norwood.

Tom O'Donnell, '29 was home from

Colby for the Christmas Holidays.

"Shine" Clem, '28 has been elected Captain of the Boston University 1932 football team.

We wish to correct a statement made in the last issue of the "Arguenot." Gertrude Trask, '31 is not married, as rumor had reported to us.

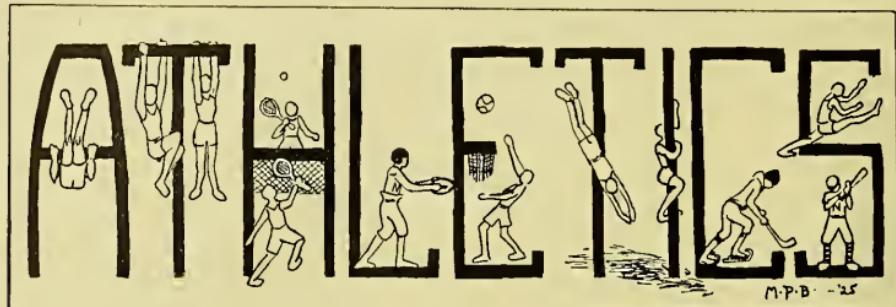
### Geology Club

The activities of the Geology Club, under the direction of Mr. Woodbury, consisted, last fall, of short walks taken near the school. On these walks rocks and soil formations were studied. When the weather did not permit, the period was conducted by two chosen boys who prepared certain topics concerning geology. During the winter months this work will be carried on along with the discussion of Magazine

Articles. Each member of the club is required to make a geological collection in the course of the year and different types of collections are discussed at the meetings.

The officers of the Club were elected as follows: Clarence McGrane, President; Frank Karhis, Vice President; John Marcellus, Secretary and Treasurer.





## Football

Norwood 14—Walpole 0

Crushing the high hopes of the Walpole team in the dust of the local field the Norwood stalwarts ran up the highest score in three years to win the annual battle from the neighboring village in a game satiated with thrills. The keynote of the game was struck in the first few minutes of play when Norwood, after an exchange of punts, started on the ten yard line and pounded the very porous right side of Walpole's line for a long march down the field. Bud Sustavidge and Joe Dixon plowed through continually for long gains, being stopped only by the Walpole secondary after making five or seven yards on each rush. This drive was, however, stopped by a fumble on Walpole's forty yard line. The battle continued on those lines all afternoon, Norwood making tremendous gains, and then being stopped by some unhappy break. The first score of the game came in the second period, when Norwood, taking advantage of the visitors' box defense, passed and ran the end on a long drive that culminated in a touchdown by Dixon. Feeney passed for the lucky seven. The half ended shortly after.

In the second half, Walpole had plugged the gap in their right side by playing the tackle closer, but this stemmed the Norwood avalanche only for a while as Sustavidge bucked the line for a touchdown late in the third period. He also made the extra point by a thrust inside tackle.

Walpole's gains throughout the game were limited to a few sporadic thrusts off-tackle and end runs by Glebus, a great halfback. These were few and far between, however, as the hard-charging Norwood line usually stopped him in his tracks.

Quincy 12—Norwood 0

A revamped Quincy eleven thoroughly whipped a listless Norwood team, which was outweighed about five, or seven pounds to the man, by the decisive margin of twelve points at Fore River field, Quincy, the first Norwood defeat of the season. Captain Kroeser, a center shifted to quarterback, was the chief factor in the defeat. He continually peppered Norwood's defenses with short, accurately-placed passes that completely befuddled the secondary. During the first half he worked, with especially telling effect,

a disastrous cut-back through the Norwood line. He punted fairly well and the upshot of his fine playing was a Norwood defeat.

Bud Sustavidge, who usually does well at backing up the line, was indisposed at home with the gripe, and in the post mortem of the game, to this fact, in part, was attributed the reason for the defeat. Whether this be true or not, the fact is that Norwood was outplayed, especially in the first half. Quincy was in Norwood territory all during this half, after scoring a touchdown halfway through the first period. The score was made largely on cut-backs through the line that brought Quincy down to the goal line in short order. Kroeser carried over for the score. The try for point, a pass, was caught off the field and was discounted.

In the second period Norwood seemed to have found themselves, starting off with some end sweeps by Feeney, Dixon and O'Donnell that brought them well into Quincy's territory. But Quincy held and Norwood was forced to kick. In the third period, O'Donnell, in trying to pass on his forty yard line, was hurried, resulting in an interception and a touchdown. In the fourth period, Norwood put on a barrage of passes that brought them well into Quincy territory, but their effort was fruitless, with no score resulting.

#### Norwood 7—Needham 0

A strong Needham team threw the biggest scare of the current season into the Norwood team at Memorial Field, Needham in this game, one of the hardest battles of the year. Captain Stewart was the principal fount of Need-

ham's unforeseen strength. It was he who kicked, passed, and ran, whose stellar all-round playing brought his team, the first one this year, within Norwood's twenty yard line. His forward passes to Keris, the right end, brought his team to Norwood's fifteen yard line, where he uncorked a forward on the end of a lateral pass that was knocked down just by inches.

However, he was battling for a lost cause, and Norwood's powerful attack could not be denied. No less than three times Norwood had the ball within their opponents fifteen yard line when they were forced back, twice by fumbles and once by a twenty-five yard penalty for clipping. Most of these gains were power plays through the line and off-tackle, with Dixon and Sustavidge doing most of the carrying. However, the break came in the third period when Stewart punted to O'Donnell, Norwood quarterback, on the Norwood twenty yard line. O'Donnell returned the punt forty yards to the Needham thirty yard line when he was knocked out of bounds. On the next play O'Donnell tried an end run which was stopped after a gain of two yards. Then came the play that meant the ball game, a twenty yard forward pass from Dixon to Feeney, that went for a touchdown. The point after was another pass, from Feeney to Dixon.

The remainder of the game was a struggle for Norwood to maintain its seven point lead and a fight for Needham to tie, at least. But Norwood was content to play a waiting game, and use dilatory tactics, which protected her lead with the minimum of effort. The game ended with the ball in Norwood's possession after Feeney had in-

tercepted a pass and had run twenty yards through a broken field only to have his effort nullified by another clipping penalty.

#### Norwood 8—Natick 0

The old bugaboo of the Norwood team, fumbles, cropped up in this game, played at Natick to a far greater extent than at any time during the season. At least three times the ball was in position for a certain touchdown, and each time a different member of the backfield fumbled. This, combined with a failure to make a foot or so for a first down within Natick's ten-yard line, conspired to make the score much smaller than the comparative playing strength and ability of the two teams warranted.

Natick received the opening kick-off and returned it to their thirty-yard line. Two successive line plays failed to make any impression on the Norwood forward wall so Natick's quarterback elected to try Norwood's secondary defense with a forward pass. He did try, but unsuccessfully, as Babe Feeney intercepted and ran it back to the twenty-five yard line. An attempted end run around left end was smeared for a two-yard loss, but on the next play, a reverse spin around right end, Anthony O'Donnell ran the twenty yards for a touchdown. The try for the extra point, a pass, was knocked down.

The two other points were the result of a safety, and a most unusual one. In the third period Natick held Norwood for downs on her own two-yard line. Hardigan, Natick quarterback and punter, had to kick from within his end zone. Wishing to be as far away as possible from the in-rush-

ing Norwood line men who had been hurrying his kicks all afternoon, he stood as deep in the end zone as possible, but when he attempted to kick he unintentionally stepped off the field of play. Thus an automatic safety was awarded Norwood.

Throughout the game, Natick failed to threaten once.

Jack Connolly, sub-quarter-backing in place of the injured O'Donnell, made a pretty thirty yard run which went for naught, as on the next play Natick recovered a fumble. These fumbles certainly bode no good for Norwood's scoring chances in the Dedham game, so Coach Murray has serious intentions of giving a football to each of the habitual fumblers to carry around with him during the week.

Many of the subs saw service in this game, as Coach Murray saw fit to rest most of his tired or injured battlers in preparation for the Dedham fracas.

#### Norwood 7—Dedham 6

Alert, hard-changing line play, coupled with an element of good fortune, spelled the defeat of Dedham High in the annual Thanksgiving Day game, as Norwood won by the slim margin of the point after touchdown. Norwood's linemen again proved their mettle as they had done at Framingham, and against Walpole, and in so many other instances. When Dedham came out in the second half, seven points behind, and twice threw Norwood back on its haunches by a series of passes and runs that brought them down almost to Norwood's goal line, it was the line that slapped down the uprisings; it was the line that took the heart out of the Dedham backs by their

smashing tackles.

Among all this great line playing, two men in particular, Tom O'Donnell and Jesse Smelstor stood out. These two were responsible for the touchdown that decided the ball game. Smelstor, with his great eye for the ball, playing that sharp, alert brand of ball that characterized his playing all day, early in the first period crashed through and blocked a Dedham punt which Tom O'Donnell scooped up, and ran thirty yards for the touchdown. Bud Sustavidge smashed tackle for the extra and what proved to be the winning point.

The first half was Norwood's by a wide margin. Dedham, on defense, seemed bewildered by Norwood's quick-breaking bucks, spins and reverses. On offense they were unable to find themselves and gained but a negligible amount of yardage. Norwood seemed well on the way to a touchdown when an official, on one play, gave the ball to Dedham on what afterwards proved to be a misinterpretation of a rule. This, however, was pardonable as the play involved a technical point which doesn't come up every day.

In the second half, Dedham showed the type of game they had shown in previous games, with other opponents. They came out with a bang, and with Henderson, Smith and Turner doing some great ball carrying, they were banging at Norwood's door during practically the whole second half. During the third period particularly, Norwood was outplayed. Larcom, Dedham center opened up great holes for his backs who on one occasion lugged the ball down to Norwood's five yard

line only to fumble and have Norwood recover. Norwood punted out of danger. Later Dedham again rushed to scoring distance, this time to the twenty yard line where a fifteen yard pass to Smith, down the middle alley, was complete. No Norwood defender was close, and Smith scampered across the goal line untouched. Dedham elected to pass for the extra point to left end McIntyre, but Joe Dixon knocked it down, to preserve the one point margin.

In the fourth period, Dedham again almost scored, but a great goal line stand by the Norwood line stopped the attack. Dedham took to the air in this period and threw a pass on almost every other play. Norwood's 6-3-2 defense stopped them all, however, and Norwood intercepted in midfield. Norwood had the ball in her possession from then on, and the game ended with the ball on the Dedham one foot line, where the whistle stopped the certain score.

#### Milford 20—Norwood 12

A bitter cold day saw Milford High, with one of the finest offenses seen this year triumph over Norwood in a post season game played for the unemployed, at Norwood. Although frozen fingers were the order of the day, the weather in no way militated against great playing, as the game was one of thrills throughout. Milford, with a modified Warner system based on speedy and deceptive ball-handling uncovered runs of 84 yards, 35 yards and 18 yards, besides quite a few of lesser yardage. Norwood gained more yardage from scrimmage and made more first downs than Milford, but

lacked the scoring punch.

The opening was indicative of the type of football that was to be played, when Brucato, of Milford, took Captain Billingham's kick-off on his 16 yard line and raced through the Norwood team 84 yards for a touchdown. Comolli bucked tackle for the extra point. Norwood made a gallant comeback, and with Dixon and O'Donnell carrying, brought the ball to the Milford 25 yard line as the period ended. Dixon flipped a pass over center that put Norwood on the ten yard line. However, the imminent touchdown was turned back as Norwood fumbled. Milford recovered and kicked out of danger. After an exchange of punts, Milford began an 80 yard drive productive of another touchdown, Bowen, Brucato and Comolli, doing most of the carrying, the last named carrying off-tackle for a 35 yard run. Comolli carried over for the touchdown and bucked center for the extra point. The half ended

with Milford in possession of the ball and the big end of a 14-0 score.

In the second half, after an exchange of punts and end runs by Norwood from kick formation, Dixon carried to the Milford twenty yard line from midfield. Failing to gain in the line, Dixon passed to Smelstor in the end zone for a touchdown. A line thrust for the point was stopped.

In the fourth period, Lombardi slashed through his left tackle, cut for the side line and scored standing up, after recovering a Norwood fumble a few plays previous. The point after failed.

Norwood, in a last minute to score again, put on pass-attack that was successful. Dixon, deep in his own territory passed to Flaherty for 30 yards. On the next play Feeney heaved a 25 yard pass to Smelstor, who romped the remaining 30 yards for a touchdown. The game ended shortly after.

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### Girls' Athletics — Basket Ball

Many girls have attended basket ball practice during the last month. Miss Kiley and Miss Osborne are the directors and Nellie Pazniokas is captain.

Thursday, January 7, the Sophomore team played the Senior team in the gymnasium. A score of 18-24 proclaimed the Senior team the victors. The Sophomore team played a very good game, however. The Junior team will meet the Senior team Monday, January 11, for inter-class champion-

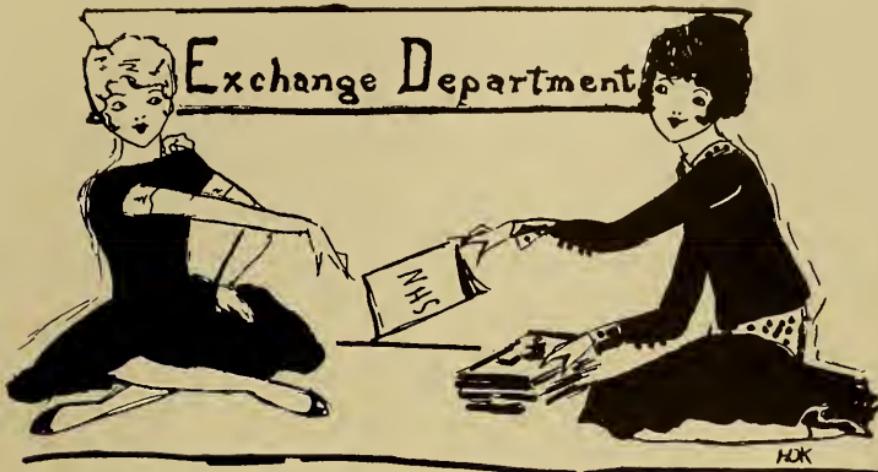
ship.

Miss Osborne is referee at the inter-class games and Miss Kiley is score-keeper.

The girls are looking forward to many surprises this year when they play the outside games now being scheduled for them.

The entire basket ball team plays very well and is a team of which Norwood High may be very proud.

Ed Bown, '33



### Exchanges

At the last meeting of the South-eastern League, held in Weymouth, the exchange department editors voted to adopt a new policy. In the future, comments on magazines outside the league, only, will be printed. It was agreed to send one letter a year to each magazine in the league.

Magazines received: "Wampatuck," Braintree; "Beacon," Gloucester; "Echo," Holbrook; "Peak," Medfield; "Echo," Canton; "Oxon Life," Oxford School of Business Administration; "Semaphore," Stoughton; "Lawrence High School "Bulletin;" "Reflector," Weymouth; "Pilgrim," Plymouth.

### Comments on the Arguenot

One could not ask for a more interesting and complete magazine than the Arguenot. We find nothing to criticize and nothing to suggest as proof of its completeness. "Semaphore," Stoughton.

You have an excellent magazine. We like the idea of a "Foreign Language Department" very much. "Echo," Canton.

### Comments on other magazines

"Echo," Canton: Your literary department would be more complete if you added a few poems. Your cartoons are most interesting. Why not try a foreign language department?

"Dovertones," Dover: It would improve your paper to group your material in departments. Your jokes certainly do your magazine credit.

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